APOLLO;

A

POEM:

OR THE

ORIGIN of the WORLD

ASSIGN'D.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

UPON

HUMAN NATURE.

By Mr. *CANNON*, of *Gray's-Inn*.

Scilicet *Is Superis labor est.* VIRG.
Veritas odium parit; sed VERUM AMO.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*; A. DODD, against St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*; and J. Fox, in *Westminster Hall*. 1744.

(Price One Shilling)

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FOrſook by Fortune, *unemploy'd* by *Power*,
How ſhall I paſs a melancholy Hour,
Alas; I pondering ſay, from Grief oppreſt,
And Thoughts, that ſteal my anxious Boſom's Reſt:
With folded Arms, and Eyes to Earth inclin'd,
Ungovern'd Starts, proclaim my tortur'd Mind.
Thus as I wander, (Where the blended Shade
A proper Haunt for Meditation made)
A Dome aſcending glitters to my View;
Adorn'd with all, that Art, and Nature knew,
Athwart the diſmal Gloom a double Blaze it threw:
High-labour'd Spires, gold-ſhining Turrets riſe;
And all Things ſtrike with exquiſite Surprize.
'Twas greater ſtill; for never Splendour ſtole
With Tranſport ſo divine upon the Soul.
As flys the Shadow 'fore the Shine of Day;
So fleets my ſolitary Care away.
I, entering, truſt the Guidance of my Will:
—Such fair Beginning ne'er had Exit ill.

The Muſes round their great *Apollo* ſtand;
But ſtill their Voice; unbuſy'd was their Hand.
The Trumpet *Clio* dropt, and huſh'd her Lays:
Heroes don't riſe in theſe impoveriſh'd Days.
Encomiums *now* the bittereſt Satyre ſling;
And the good-natur'd Goddeſs will not *Sing*.
The Genii, *Rome*, and old *Achaia* rais'd,
Were much for Talents, more for Virtue, prais'd:
High were, the Warrior, and the Stateſman, plac'd;
But moſt the Man of *All* the Patriot grac'd:
Well might the Rivers, which ſo mighty run,
Reſpect the Parent-ſpring, whence they begun.
O deaf to Nature's, deaf to Reaſon's Calls,
The Villain riſing, as his Country falls;
You Fool, and Parricide, who choak that Source,
THENCE does your Life proceed, and THENCE your Force.
The Muſes all the guilty Scene deteſt;
And *Clio*'s mournful Head ſinks down upon her Breaſt.
Euterpe's Sounds no mellow Cadence know:
Amphion's gone: and Muſick, will it flow?
The laughing Mirth was in *Thalia* dead:
True Wit 's for ever with *Menander* fled.
Deep Thoughts *Melpomene* no more embrown'd:
Who reaches *now* the *Sophoclean* Sound?
Terpſichore's * ſoft Motion none can trace.
We've got the *Jumble*, and we've loſt the *Grace*.

Nor

* Who preſides over Dancing.

Nor Love's nerv'd Style in *Erato* is try'd:
For with *Anacreon* the Paſſion dy'd.
Polymnia now no ruling Sceptre ſways:
For, where is my *Demoſthenes?* ſhe ſays.
Urania thoughtfuller, than e'er before,
Denotes, that *Archimedes* is no more.
Calliope, unlifting up her Eyes,
Ne'er looks, in hope, her *Homer* will ariſe;
And, preſs'd to give the towring Numbers flow,
No, crys; *Muſæus* is departed; No.
They All bemourn the *Greeks**, their ancient Men,
No Age ſhall praiſe enough, nor Time behold again.
And *We* pretend; *We*, wretched Modern Wights,
Diſpute their great, and venerable Rights?
O awkard Mortals, dropt from Nature's Store,
When ſhe was weary of producing more;
They the glad Children of a warm Embrace;
You the enervate STOCK's unhealthy Race;
Time, that ſubdues the rapid Tiger's Rage,
Gave them the *Youth* of Life, and you the *Age*.
Nothing *your own*; and, what from others flows,
Not knowing to *aſſemble*, and *diſpoſe*;
To *Act*, and *Write*, O Gold †, was all thy own;
To dote, and *pray*, reſerv'd for Lead alone.

Where's

* Διογενης, ϗ Ἡρακλειτος, ϗ ΟΙ ΟΜΟΙΟΙ, αξίως θειοι τε ὄντες, ϗ ελεγοντο.
A *Græco* Epicteto; ſed *veriſſimè*, dictum.

† The Golden Age; as Lead in the Line after us'd for the leaden Age; continens pro contento, by *Metonymia*.

Where's *now* the Charm of that excelling Lay,
Which Rocks would hear, and ſavage Brutes obey?
Is *Cicero*, or *now* is *Orpheus* known?
Where's Eloquence, and where is Muſick flown?
With *Ariſtotle* Nature's Mouth is dumb:
No Bards, and *worſe* Philoſophers become;
By Arts unform'd, of every Science rude;
Expreſſion feeble, and Conception crude;
Rich with no Beautys, tho' of *ſecond hand*,
And the tranſlating genius at a ſtand;
We have *all* loſt; e'en to the very *Name*;
Nor can the Shadow of Exiſtence claim.
The God upon his Face a Sorrow wears,
As when loſt *Hyacinth* compell'd his Tears:
That Calm of Grief, and Softneſs of Diſtreſs,
Which rather heighten Charms, than render leſs.
Mortal, he crys, who quitteſt thus *Alone*
A World, I neither favour, nor will *own*,
Thy Woes I heard, which hid from Men with Care,
To Winds, and Wilds you only would declare.
I'll ſummon all, that lies in Skill profound;
And try, if *Pæan* can't diſpel your Wound.
No Ailment is beyond my healing Art;
But moſt I can elate the drooping Heart:
There (or I err) you feel th' injurious Storm;
For Vigour flouriſhes in all your Form.

Write;

Write; I'll aſſiſt. *C.* Great God, I've writ. *Ap.* What then?
You have not publiſh'd to the Sons of Men.
I ſay, *appear*; an Author's tempting Praiſe
Will play with Luſtre round your gloomy Days.
C. Already have I ſettled my Renown;
And my high *Work* is vaunted thro' the Town.
Ap. Then 'tis ſome Controverſy, I'll engage,
Has exercis'd your Pen's effervent Rage;
While Fear won't ſuffer you to own your Power;
And catch Applauſe's vivifying Shower.
Still I am poſitive, you are not known;
And have not made a Writer's Name your own.
C. YET am I known. *Ap.* If ſo; it is to *Few*;
A *Friend*, *may here*, and *there* give Life anew;
But ſee, your Praiſe, by *All* proclaim'd, reſound,
Where Land remote tempeſtuous Oceans bound:
Fame's more, than Muſick's flow, will bring you reſt;
And ſure remove the Trouble from your Breaſt.
To quarrel with the Gods you 've reaſon good;
Worſe are the *Preſent*, than thoſe made of Wood.
But ſtill; as haughty Cuſtom's Stamp they bear,
To paſs 'em is the Politician's Care.
Againſt the Torrent never bend your Force;
Too hard's the World for Thoſe, oppoſe its Courſe;
Go midſt a Croud, and puſh, while puſhing's good;
The doubled Strength is not to be withſtood.

Nor leſs in Tumults the Ideas roul;
Nor leſs embaraſs, and inveſt the Soul.
You'll be no Gainer; cenſure not Men's Ways;
They'll make you drag your miſerable Days.
You hunted run; and, all his Forces paſt,
The weary Stag is worry'd at the laſt.
More *Strong*; you *longer* ſtill ſhall labour on;
'Till Nature's Fibre lax, and Spirit gone,
The Mob of Thoughts will fling you to the ground;
And every perking Boy inflict a Wound.
No Learning ſhall reſtrain; nor Genius ſave;
The greeneſt Laurel withers in the Grave.
In vain you'll Friends invoke; no Friends have *Thoſe*,
Who are the World's Opponents, or its Foes.
Nor Sigh will iſſue with your lateſt Breath;
Life diſeſteem'd, and unlamented Death.
How mighty *Bacon* was, of whom a *Bard*,
Pointed with Boldneſs, has this Image dar'd;
" If Parts allure you, think, how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
" The brighteſt, wiſeſt, *meaneſt* of Mankind."
O Love of Praiſe, too reſtleſs to be borne;
Your Triumph by yourſelf is from you torn;
In haſte to hear, the Port you overſee,
And run a-ground on Singularity;
Not waiting, till your Part's maturer Grace
Wou'd give ſafe Glory in another place:

The Courage All will eaſily confeſs;
But more the Courage, is the Prudence leſs;
And Name obtain exalted, as you will,
The Eaſe of Life is greater Bleſſing ſtill.
Swim ſmoothly with the Courſe; and ſeek Repoſe,
Where *only* in the Stream of Men it flows;
The preſent Thoughts it better is to know,
Than *Virgil*'s Sentiments ſo long ago.
By *Prejudice* Things every way are borne;
At pleaſure ſeated high, or down are torn:
All Reliſhes creates; all Schemes explains;
And over great Philoſophy it reigns.
Now, impotently foreeful, poorly vain,
Againſt this Adamant diſſolve your Brain.
Evince then, go, demonſtrate, as you *pleaſe*;
The World its Notions will poſſeſs in peace.
Who over-reach Mankind, do firſt *accede*;
And ſtroak the Victim, ere they make it bleed *.
" God unimaginable, late I fear,
" Too late the Words of thy wiſe Voice I hear,"
I ſaid, low-bowing to the Pow'r confeſt,
And ſighing large-ſwoln Sorrow from my Breaſt.
—I penetrated Nature's ſecret Source;
Obſerv'd her Work, and follow'd thro' the Courſe.
Too ardent to diſplay what I explor'd,
Not like a Miſer, locking up my Hoard,

* Beſides the Alluſion, as it appears at firſt, we commonly ſay, a Man *bleeds*, who draws his Purſe-ſtrings, as we would have him.

I utter'd Truths; was with Attention heard;
But ſtill the ſleepy Error was prefer'd.
No Popularity cou'd Ign'rance ſave,
No ſolemn Cloak protect a ſkulking Knave.
Fortune, who gilt the Fool, impreſt no Awe;
The Coxcomb without Honour, God, and Law,
(Whoſe Outſide ſometimes, elegantly wrought,
Shews, Nature has, tho' He *has never thought*,)
By tinſel-trapping no Diſguiſe cou'd have;
Nor Dulneſs make him ſafe, which made him *grave*.
Where Warmth with Weakneſs, Pride with Meanneſs meet,
Cow'rdice with Villainy, 's a * * * * compleat.
The Heart abandon'd, and preſumptuous Mind,
Are certain Marks a * * * * * * * * to find.
The Maze, the Juggler form'd about his Cheat;
I got the Clue, which led thro' the Deceit.
My Hand div'd deep where Impoſition lay,
And dragg'd the *Cacus* into open Day.
Where Follys dinn'd, I charg'd the thickeſt Throng;
The Numbers overthrown e'en carry'd me along.
My Steps where-e'er I pointed, there appear'd
The Dunce, who hated, or the Rogue, who fear'd.
But, Reaſon's Mirrour turn'd upon their Sight,
They, ſcreaming, flutter'd Owl-like from the Light.
Nor leſs I burnt with beauteous Virtue's Fire;
Which they, who look for, find; who find, admire.

To Them, who waver'd, do the Thing, you *ought*,
I ſaid aloud; no matter, what 'tis thought.
I ſtript the Veil, that thick on Vice was thrown,
And made the Soul-transforming *Circe* * known.
Still wou'd not Human Nature thus be us'd;
For ſake of Eaſe content to be abus'd;
And rather not diſtinguiſh to the end
The Fault, which, ſeen, it cannot chuſe, but mend;
The Pebble-Error from the Surface take,
Than for the Diamond-Truth inſection make.
Biaſs invincible of Man to err;
And to the Virtue ſtill the Vice prefer;
But, ne'er ſo *clear* the Reaſon, *great* the Soul,
The Nerves the Syſtem of the Man controul;
And, *They* impair'd, the Wretch, in Vapours' Power,
Damns his *unſought* Exiſtence every Hour,
Sounds trill, and lovely Scenes in vain appear;
Nor Beauty moves the Eye, nor Muſick charms the Ear.
Luxuriant Nature's Wealth in vain is pour'd;
He taſteleſs ſtarves at the rich-cover'd Board.
Fate worſe the Man, than *Tantalus* employs;
Wiſhing, he reaches; *reaching*, not enjoys.
The Traveller, who erring ſeeks his Way,
No Object can delight; nor Country ſtay;
Curſing the flowry Paths, that lengthen'd come,
With Heart grief-broken he demands his Home.

While other Creatures are compleatly bleſt,
The wretched *reaſoning Animal*'s diſtreſt.
The miſerable Thing, Thou, Nature, art;
Thy Compoſition faulty in each part;
The Head infirmly made, and bad-inclin'd the Heart.
In general *wrong*; but if by Chance a Light,
Conduct thy doubtful Tread a little right,
Soon works your active Flame itſelf away,
And waſtes thy baſeleſs Fabrick to decay.
The *great Prerogative*, TO THINK, deſtroys,
The weak-nerv'd Being, and precarious Joys:
Contrivance rare; Man, either near a Brute,
Or lamentable lives beyond Diſpute.
Laſt Moments welcome to the aking Heart;
The unhappy. Right: yet *mind:* the *Pleas'd* depart.
The Proſpect every Moment ſhifts its Dyes;
No Object holds *the ſame* to Human Eyes.
But All, That flouriſhes conſumes away,
For more anew to flouriſh, and *decay*.
Sage, Poet, Beauty, hear the doleful Call;
And *Clarke*'s Deceaſe, and *Newton*'s mouldering Fall.
When Man we *firſt* with all his Talents ſee,
We think, he is *himſelf* a Deity;
But viewing with an Eye intenſely bent,
We ſay, the Chance, that form'd him, was miſ-ſpent;
Such Woe, and Error we obſerve, when *near*;
Sueh *ill-proportion'd Force*, and *ſad Defects* appear.

Still is his Head ſo weak, his Pride ſo odd,
The Wight in earneſt * thinks, he's faſhion'd by a G—
Time's rolling Torrent carries *All* along;
Childiſh become the Wiſe, and weak the Strong:
No Eye upon the wrinkl'd Face is caſt,
Which once with Crys of Admiration paſt.
Whom charming, Health, and Favour bloom'd around,
Diſgrace, and Pain ſtretch hideous on the Ground.
Yet in the nauſeous Draught ſuch Sweet is thrown,
The Wretches, DEATH WOU'D RESCUE, live, and groan.
We ſee a Mortal lifted to the Sky;
We ſee him burning with a Fever lie;
And, when we have extoll'd him all we can,
Are forc'd to cry, O miſerable Man;
Fain ſurely we wou'd trace the Hand divine;
But loſe our Sight in the bewildering Line.
How Weakneſs comes from *Strength* we do not know;
How Imperfections from *Perfection* flow:
That ſure of Sorrow we receive our Breath;
Or Life *deplorable*, or *dreaded* Death.
To Him, who well explores, and judges wiſe,
Not Beautys to regard, but Faults ariſe.
With GOODNESS, Miſery but ill agrees;
With ALL-COMMANDING POWER, Deficiencys.
In order to diſcern, our Eyes we ſtrain;
But Deity, nor Attributes are plain.

* Alluding to the Men, who rob for the Purpoſe of

The

The Path's obſcure, wherever it is trod,
We cannot in the Volume read the G—
But ſtay, (they ſay,) take care, you ſee at all,
Before you think to reaſon upon All.
O Words, your Cauſe too feeble to maintain;
Like Mortals once, that ſprouted to be ſlain *.
You God's unfathom'd Depth of Wiſdom know?
Dim Fiſh ſee thro' th' Abyſs, in which they flow;
Thy part, O Man, is not to ſcan the Sky;
But on the Earth to ſuffer, pine, and die.
You do not *ſee* it; 'tis not for thy *Sight*,
To know, *Eternal Reaſon* reaſons right.
Why finite Senſe does not attain ſo high,
Conſult thy Eyes, which cannot reach a Fly.
Still muſt our Search to this Aſſurance tend;
That *here* the Diſpoſition will not end;
But Man a better State *hereafter* know;
Where true, and unembitter'd Pleaſures flow.
(*On this* I ſay;) indeed I'm very glad,
He'll have a better. Why was this ſo bad?
(They oddly anſwer;) We in truth don't know.
—For Shelter *then* to Ignorance ye go.
'Twas well, we gueſs, (rejoin they,) as cou'd be.
(I add;) *That* ſpeaks controul o'er Deity:

And

* Alluding to the Men, who roſe from the Dragon's Teeth ſow'd in the Ground, and upon a Stone's being flung amongſt 'em, quarrel'd, and ſlew one another.

And *thus* Things not determin'd by his Will,
Come from *Another* Cauſe, more *active ſtill.*
Ye know, what He hereafter *can* perform:
But, what your Wiſhes covet, don't ye form?
The Fairy-Tale amuſingly is told;
Of *Lead* poſſeſt, in *Dreams* we reach at *Gold:*
Dupe'd by the Knave, who ſubtle plays his part;
But moſt the Bubbles of a fooliſh Heart;
While, Reaſon exercis'd a little right,
Deluſive Viſion vaniſhes from Sight.
Yet, on the Faults, which, true, in Man abound,
Dwell not with ſuch an Emphaſis of Sound.
Know your own Party better to defend;
Nor weakly Arms to thy Opponent lend.
My Watch this Morning from the *Maker* came;
'Tis wrong, and out of order. *Who's to blame?*
Yes, we *are faulty*; and by that we know
The very wretched Chance, from which we flow.
And tho', in finite Time, I do not ſee,
How motive Matter thus diſpos'd cou'd be,
In infinite, *where all Poſition's prov'd,*
To *this* at length it might, nay *muſt* have mov'd;
And, into place by ſtroke of Chance compell'd,
'Twas in its Order by Attraction held.
Think ye it worthy Sapience D——e,
In various Modes *one* Matter to combine?

Fantaſtick; as the Child with plaſtic Care,
Moulds the ſame Paſte to Vultur, Cat, and Bear.
What follows, ſee; BEASTS pitileſsly tear
Each other's Life, and wage an endleſs War.
Where-e'er MEN turn, a Curſe *They're* ſure to find;
They've *in Them* the WORST CURSE; a *human Mind.*
The ESSENCE ſtill of ALL the *ſame* ne'er dies;
It is the FORM, into Confuſion flies.
All Objects, *in Reality* alike,
Our Senſes only with a difference ſtrike.
But to contrive this *Cheat* was Whim ſo odd,
And *bad the Effects, It* ne'er had place in G—.
I do not mention that impulſive Force,
Which Spirit cou'dn't give to Matter's Courſe.
We've done; and, if you pleaſe, we will agree,
F—h is a work of rareſt Policy:
And, let the Verity lie where it will,
To mend Mankind's the better Purpoſe ſtill.
In Words, diſpaſſion'd *Socrates* approv'd,
Reaſon, the *firmeſt* Courage, never mov'd,
Chants Elocution from my Mouth more fine,
Than glides in Poetry's pathetick Line.
But Men All center to the World I found;
Quick gravitates the *heavy* Maſs to Ground.
In *Torrents* the *thin* Liquid ſeeks to flow;
And *feeble* Creatures moſt in *Conçourſe* go.

The Influence, which They None poſſeſs *apart*,
Is compaſs'd by the aſſociating—Art.
Deſignleſs Friends a ſlender Number form;
And they, who lov'd me, wou'dn't ſtand the Storm:
While All, who were devoid of beauteous Grace,
Abhorr'd the Glaſs, that ſhew'd the frightful Face.
My Steps, before I was aware, I loſt,
In a dark Deſert, never to be croſt.
Vindictive Animals annoy, tho' ſmall;
The Gnat *ſtill* vexing made the Lion fall*;
And Serpent-prejudice, though on the Ground,
Can to a tender Part approach the Wound;
While warmer Folly, furiouſly miſled,
Shall thunder with the Laws upon your Head.
The Oak, elate in Bloom, its Stature rears,
With vigour to exiſt a thouſand Years:
Winds roar on Winds; Clouds dens'd o'er Clouds ariſe;
And Tempeſts batter it from all the Skies:
Its Verdure *now*, its Strength, no Shelter found,
Are rent from Root, and hurry'd to the Ground.
Sublime *Apollo*, thus my Courſe I've run;
By too much Generoſity undone:
And now no Patron's ſeen, no Friend is nigh;
Ah whither, whither ſhall thy Suppliant fly?
" And does thy Art; ſuch Learning want a Smile;
" That *candid* Thought, and unaffected Style;

* Vid. the Fable

"O Orator mellifluent, he ſaid;
And mov'd reſentfully his ſacred Head.
" What, not *One* Boſom Courage, *Virtue* know?
" Not *One*, who's Merit's Friend, or Folly's Foe?"
That Mind ſerene, wherever it is thrown;
Philoſophy, which makes the World its own:
Aſſail'd, not ſhaken; Victor of its Fate;
Great-thoughted; ſmiling upon *Love*, and *Hate*;
Strong as the Source, where vital Fervour glows;
Mild, as its Light, when on the Earth it flows;
Itſelf of its own Dignity the Cauſe;
Unſubject to the World's united Laws;
Controlls the vain Attempt to overthrow;
And ſhews the Diamond proof againſt the Blow.
E'en yet there is a Man, whom pleas'd I ſee:
My *Cotta*, you believe. *C.* He knows not me.
Ap. He knows not! You're miſtaken; *That*'s a Mind,
Which is familiar to all Human Kind:
He ſtudious to perceive th' ingenuous Moan,
That to itſelf is burthenſome alone.
For Man's, not his *own* ſake, *He* plac'd on high;
As Beams ſhou'd play not upon Earth too nigh.
Head clear, and lively; firm, and tender Heart;
The greateſt Manners, and the *eaſieſt* Art.
Deeper than Politician's deep Deſign;
And gay, as Lovers ſeated with their Wine.

Of every Talent Maſter; every Rule:
Polite for Courts; and Learned for a School.
A Wit, That ne'er into Ill-nature goes;
Abſtruſeſt Knowledge, which, like Verſes, flows.
Rich in Expreſſion; richer ſtill in Thought;
And always juſt the *Character*, he ought.
Employ'd to raiſe Deſert to Human Eyes;
And ſeek the Jewel; tho' profound it lies.
Like Heaven itſelf with one GRAND VIEW to live;
Great, but to *help*; and wealthy, but to *give*.
To *Him* reſort; of *Him* demand Relief;
He'll enter into all your tender Grief:
No Frown you need to fear, the nobler Mind
Is ſtill the more to anxious Virtue kind.
Aſk him, if he wou'd have this *Phœbus*-told,
And Worth-compell'd Applauſe in Fame enroli'd.
To *Him* Alone, I will refer my Wit,
And *Cotta* Judge ſhall o'er *Apollo* ſit.
For *You*; a Way diſlik'd avoid with Skill;
Let Him Religion roaſt, and Prieſts, who will,
THAT fiery bear the Mien of *Heaven*'s *Dragoons*;
But, lo, will in a Trice turn *Pantaloons*.
Write Verſe; the general Taſte, 'twill better hit:
Leave Proſe *a while* however. *C.* Verſe I've writ:
But, ſinging former Deities' due Praiſe,
O'er All exalted, ſhock'd the preſent Days.

O Age debas'd, the God excandent cries;
Thus 'tis, 'gainſt Thee my Anger never dies.
But go, Victorious go, and ſure confide;
Remember ſtill, *Apollo*'s at your Side.
None ſhall, like *Thee*, with *Pæan*'s Ardour burn;
None ſhall, like *Thee*, the mighty Period turn.
Thy Eloquence No Mouth ſhall e'er attain;
Alike their Nature, or their Science, vain.
That oral Roundneſs *, which to *Greeks* I gave,
Shall *You*, and only *You* of Moderns, have.
The God declar'd: I ſmilingly withdrew;
And knew, that what He ſaid, was *Cotta*'s due.

* Os rotundum.

FINIS.